

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

TERMS \$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

NEW SERIES, VOL. VIII, NO. 2.]

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. 969]

## THE CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

Office on North side of Main Street in the New Masonic Hall, a few doors East of the Court House, and a few doors West of the Norton House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
If paid within three months, \$3.00  
If paid after that time, \$4.00  
Lovers discontinued only at the option of the editor, while arrears are due.  
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
Each square, (11 lines or less), three weeks, \$1.00  
Every additional insertion, 25 cents  
Quarterly advertisements one column, \$4.00  
Half column, \$2.00  
Quarter column, \$1.00  
Transient cards \$3 per annum.  
If all letters addressed to the editor must be paid to the attention of the editor.  
If no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid in full at the option of the editor.

## POETRY.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

Thou Spirit of the Past—  
Thou Genius of the dead—  
Thou who didst watch from first to last  
O'er freedom's battle-fields by blood made red—  
Hail to thy memory,  
Guardian of liberty!

One dark October day  
That lowered on Germantown,  
When freedom's band, in swift array,  
Flew to the fight, to wit trees hewn down,  
Thy spirit hovered then  
Around those noble men.

Through forests swept in snow,  
Through showers of rain and sleet,  
To Trenton's field that bled did go,  
And trod the wilds with bare and bloodied feet;  
Then of each soldier's heart  
Thy spirit formed a part.

O'er Saratoga's field,  
And over Bunker Hill,  
Where glittered then the spear and shield,  
Thy spirit passed, and fingers round them still,  
A spirit quick and warm  
As lightning in the storm.

On Carolina's shore,  
And Georgia's sandy plains,  
By freedom's band one traitor slain,  
Thy spirit dwelt, and thy spirit still remains—  
A unfaded flame of fire  
Around their funeral pyre.

And where Potomac sweeps  
Beside the patriot's tomb,  
Thy spirit watches while he sleeps,  
And throws a fadless light upon the gloom—  
Thou spirit of the brave,  
Guard well that sacred grave!

Wherever freedom dwells,  
From sea to mountain lone,  
The music of thy spirit swells,  
And greets the eagle in his sky home—  
In regions far and wide,  
Thou utterest freedom's hymn.

Thou talkest thy flight sublime  
Along the echoing years;  
And through the corridors of time,  
When some far generation disappears,  
Ages will syllable  
Thy name, thy glorious deeds.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The old Village Printing Office.

BY H. F. TAYLOR.

But the old village had no hotels; only two houses of entertainment. One was "up street" and that was an inn, so-and-so's inn; the other was "down street," and that was a stage house, the stage house where, once a day, the yellow and bespattered stage rocked up and brought to, and the well-conditioned horse came shuffling out from the grated corner in the barn-room, like a over-oldest rider, opened the single each door and let out the hungry passengers. They were always hungry when they got there, for breakfast was just ready for southern migrants, and dinner for northern; but then the landlord was not an old spider, but a very nice pleasant sort of a man, who made everybody feel as much at home as he was, and nothing more home-like could be imagined, and so, very well-to-do did he get, at two-shillings a meal.

So much for the old village, for here we are, just now passing an orchard, and there, with a broader phylactery of tan-bark, is the printing office, whence was issued weekly in olden-times the *Black River Gazette*. The office a low, white building, once tenanted by a lawyer, who has gone up to a higher court than they have organized yet on earth, stood next the church. So they were, for once side-by-side, the pulpit and the press; and nobody has learned to turn out such engraving from forge and foundry, even to this day—We enter; there is ink on the door, the print of five small fingers, incline your ear, delicate reader, it is the devil! of who wears but one boot, and is disagreeably redolent of brimstone, but the begrimed urchin in shirt-sleeves, just creeping through the broken pickets of the orchard fence, with apples in each hand, and one in his mouth, followed in his flight by something bearing a striking resemblance to a brickbat.

But here we are. The walls are cob-webbed and dusty, the windows are curtained with newspaper; a very dim lantern to hold a great deal of light. Click, click; the foot-steps of type, and there in the corner is the editor, publisher, proprietor and printer, "setting up" an editorial from a very queer old case. Click, click; there's a pale young man, busy with a "death." D-d-e-d, and so he goes slowly on as though he were actually following the bier. But then a death was a very rare thing, very rare in the village, and round in the woods, and it was worth pondering over. True, every body knew it already but it must go into the paper, nevertheless, for there was somebody or other, that had gone out into the "Genesee country," that had loved the living, and so the paper must follow him away there, if it could, that he might mourn the dead.

Wonderful decorations they are upon the walls; what marvellous borders to the hand-bills; what wonderful "Selims," that the

man with a short coat and long whip, could hardly hold; what "great sales" of small articles; what gay coaches, riding on the top of a cloud, the four-in-hand all running away and the "nine inside" as merry as punch.

But not a picture of a railroad, or a reaper, or a steamboat. A strange old office, in those old days.

But there in a further corner stands a square frame of heavy timber, like a huge loom. It is a loom, such as they were thought on; it is the old "Ramage Press." Its huge lever, its great platen, its ponderous tympan, its great ink balls, its creaking, groning mechanism—there it stands in all its rudeness, the greatest triumph of this or any other age. A pair of tin sockets swung up by a wire above the dingy engine, bearing each a "brief candle," were the Castor and Pollux of the place. In the corner, in the dark, stood a solitary keg of ink; not a great way off, four reams of a very grayish blue paper, but then the proprietor was "passing rich" at less than forty pounds a year. It is publication day, and editor, pale apprentice, and dingy devil are in an active state of unrest. The editor writes, and says "we," and "our readers"—he has two hundred and fifty—and then the printer sets type, and then the publisher looks over the "form," and then the pressman places it on the press, and then "comes the tug of war." It is pull and re-pull, a pull again and again repeat, and the "inside" comes off, sheet after sheet, with the gravity of so many elephants; the candles get briefer and dimmer, but two hundred and fiftieth is off at last, and they all, editor, publisher, printer and pressman get into the same coat and beneath the same hat, and leave the devil to fold up the papers and sweep out the office.

Where then were your compound levers, your glittering cylinders, your faithful rollers your panting furnaces, your press, instead with life and energy, that jarred on like a chariot over the whole highways of white paper in an hour! Where are the busy journeymen and the railway trans and the telegraphs, printing, and shrieking and flashing, to transmit that paper's contents to the world's rim, cloudy coud!

The morning comes, and the ink-imp of yesterday, indigues in a clean face; his unkempt locks are out of snarl; he is transformed into a Mercury. Forth he goes, packages of papers beneath each arm, in his capacity of carrier-boy. He is none of your brisk, port fellows, of the now-a-day order, but very much he is indeed; and when the square speaks out to him strong and hearty, "good morning, my boy," he holds down his head and deposits the answer in his bosom, as if it were a very delicate thing, and not yet able to fly. Like death, he visits every house, and his burden grows lighter as he proceeds. He does not check the papers, as they do now over the gate and under the fence, but decently and demurely places it folded and damp in the hand of somebody commissioned to receive it. But he doesn't "ring" for there is nothing to ring in all the town, except the church bell, that the Doctor brought home in his "cutler" one day, from Ulrica or somewhere thereabout.

His rounds are soon made; meanwhile a gory sort of horse—an editor's horse, you know—a blowing a solitary out about a very large manger, the last survivor of a very large family. Pretty soon Rosinante is led forth, and a pair of saddle-bags, distended to the suffocating point, is brought out, followed by the Mercury and no devil, with his pockets pictorial with dough-nuts—what has become of that old-fashioned twist d'luxury!—and a tie horn tethered to a button-hole by a bit of green string. It is with a sort of sheepish importance that he mounts by the aid of the proprietor, and wends his way, as they were very fond of saying, "out in the country," as if the old village was not positively lost in the very bosom of it.

And so he went, his horn resounding through the solitude, and he as happy as a knight fresh from a tournament. And that was the "N. S. E. W." the News of the old days. But what there was in the *Gazette*, and who they were that read it, that now, almost hangs like a great wing over the most of those—the fairest, and best, and best.

—Cuyaga Chief, Auburn, N. Y.

### The Physician.

Here is a tribute, well deserved, to a profession to which society owes a vast debt: "No class of men in the regular discharge of duty incur danger more frequently than the honest physician. There is no type of malignant malady with which he fails to be acquainted; no hospital overcrowded with contagion that he does not walk freely through its wards. His vocation is among the sick and dying; he is a familiar friend of those who are sinking under infectious diseases; he never shrinks from the horror of observing it under all its aspects. He must do so with equanimity; as he inhales the poisoned atmosphere, he must coolly reflect on the medicines which may mitigate the sufferings that he cannot remedy. Nay, after death has ensued, he must search with the dissecting knife for his hidden cause, if so by multiplying his own perils he may discover some alleviation for the affliction of others. And why is this? Because the physician is indifferent to death! Because he is steeled and hardened against the fear of it! Because he despises or pretends to despise it! By no means. It is his especial business to value life; to cherish the last spark of animated existence. And the habit of caring for the lives of his low-men is far from leading him to an habitual indifference to his own. The physician shuns every danger but such as the glory of his profession commands him to defy."

ANOTHER RAILROAD.—It is stated that by Monday next the tra-k-layers on the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad will be within ten miles of Zanesville. The Courier of the latter city, anticipates that within three weeks it will hear the whistle of the steam-horse direct from Cincinnati.

TOWNSHIP.		Chase	Clinton	Franklin	Madison	Monroe	Putnam	Shelby	Union	Washington	Wayne	Yamhill
Chase	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Clinton	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Franklin	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Madison	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Monroe	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Putnam	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Shelby	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Union	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Washington	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Wayne	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126
Yamhill	118	14	62	125	63	126	63	126	63	126	63	126

## BELMONT COUNTY OFFICIAL RETURNS FOR 1855.

### PARISH CHRONICLE.

#### AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY EDWIN BRIDGEMAN.

The melancholy Autumn winds  
A mournful requiem sang,  
Each falling "where and yonder" leaf  
Seemed gifted with a tongue.  
On such an hour, I walked me forth  
To view fair Nature's death;  
Each object seemed alone to say,  
"Thy life is but a breath."

I wondered how unlighted men  
Pursued vain things of Earth,  
When Nature calmly whispered forth,  
"Beget immortal worth."  
I looked and lo! the rustling leaf—  
The dying warm—on—  
The breeze that gently fanned my cheek—  
All echoed back the words.

Fast me down to meditate,  
Why mortal men were made,  
The silent monitor within was stirred,  
And answeringly said:  
"Thy scarce a score of years shall thou  
From nothingness was brought,  
And ere another score of years,  
Perchance thou'lt be forgot."

"If worldly things engage your mind,  
O! it is hard to sever  
Them from death— for the body dies,  
The soul—it lives forever."  
"Surrounding Nature but portrays  
How man's frail body dies,  
'Tis but the exit of the soul  
To lands beyond the skies."

"Go, get the faith, and learn to live,  
For looms, wealth, nor fame,  
For what avail them in death,  
If the marble bears thy name!"  
"Be glad—in sunshine or in storm,  
In smiling good abroad,  
And soon, thou wilt be gathered home,  
To goodness and to God."

Lloydsville, O. Oct. 1855.

#### Religion of Revolutionary Men.

BY LAMARTINE.

I KNOW—I sigh when I think of it—that  
hitherto the French people have been  
the least religious of all the nations of Europe.  
Is it because the idea of God—which arises  
from all the evidences of Nature, and from  
the depths of reflection, being the profoundest  
and weightiest idea of which human intelli-  
gence is capable—and the French mind be-  
ing the most rapid, but the most superficial,  
the lightest, and most reflective of all Euro-  
pean races—this mind has not the force and  
severity necessary to carry far and long the  
greatest conception of the human under-  
standing?

Is it because our governments have always  
taken upon themselves to think for us, to  
believe for us, and to pray for us? Is it be-  
cause we are and have been a military peo-  
ple, a soldier-nation, led by kings, heroes,  
ambitious men, from battlefield to battlefield,  
making conquests, and never keeping them,  
ravaging, dazling, charming, and corrupting  
Europe; and bringing home her mothers,  
wives, bravery, lightness, and implicity of  
the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not, but certain it is, that the na-  
tion has an immense progress to make in  
serious thought if she wishes to remain free.  
If we look at the characters, compared as  
regards religious sentiment, of the great na-  
tions of Europe, America, even Asia, the  
advantage is not for us. The great men of  
other countries live and die looking at the  
spectator, or at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history  
of France; read the great lives, the great  
deeds, the great martyrdoms, the great words  
at the hour when the ruling thought of life  
reveals itself in the last words of the dying  
and compare.

Washington and Franklin fought, suffered,  
and ascended and descended in their political  
life, always in the name of God, for whom  
they acted; and the liberator of Am-  
erica died, according to God the liberator  
of the people and his own soul.

Sidney, the young martyr of a patriotism,  
guilty of nothing but impatience, and who  
died to expiate his country's dream of liberty,  
said to his jailer—"I rejoice that I die in  
prison for the king, but a victim,  
resigned to the King on High, to whom all  
my life is due."

The republicans of Cromwell only sought  
the name of God, even in the blood of battle;  
their policies were their faith—their religion  
a prayer—their death a psalm. One learns  
from these, that God was in all the move-  
ments, that led to the inquiry. He still  
persisted in asserting, after the charge was  
dismissed, that the censor keeper was a spy  
in disguise.—*English Paper*

#### The way the Girls lecture on Tem- perance in Sharon, Ohio.

On Saturday, the 22d ult., a large crowd  
was collected in Sharon, Noble county, to see  
a circus show that had been advertised. It was  
soon discovered that there was something in  
the neighborhood stronger than cold water or  
cider. Where the "critter" was, or who it  
was that was reckless enough to bring it into  
town, was a mystery until towards evening  
when it was discovered to be in the cellar of  
a store, the owners of which by some claims  
of respectability, both in Church and State.  
This discovery being made, three young  
ladies, while young men, and old ones too,  
did not the courage to execute the law, de-  
liberately went into the cellar and rolled the  
barrel into the street, knocked the head out,  
and emptied its contents into the gutter.

Columbian.

A Grey Budouin Arab Stallion has just ar-  
rived in Philadelphia, four years old, for  
which the sum of \$10,000 has been remitted.  
His owner requires \$12,000. The horse was  
166 days on shipboard, during which he never  
laid down.

### A Slip Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

A stalwart smith was recently married in  
Bishopscourt to a blooming bride. The  
day passed joyously away, and evening found  
them in their lodgings making merry with  
their friends. About seven o'clock, the bride-  
groom went out with some of his companions  
for a walk, promising his fair young wife to  
be soon back—promise which might have  
seemed superfluous. But the wanderers  
called at a public house—one glass of whisky  
toldly followed another—the cup went round  
so often that the bridegroom got drunk. In  
this condition he rose to go home. "There's  
nary a slip twixt the cup and the lip."—  
Midway between the intoxicating cup and the  
lip of his wedded wife, he slipped to the earth  
and fell asleep in an archway. The poor  
girl, so early deserted, sat alone in her bridal  
chamber, and burst into tears when the mid-  
night hour rung out, and still desolate. At  
this critical moment as Dame Fortune would  
have it, a good looking sailor, an old sweet-  
heart of hers, stole softly into the house, and  
renewed her vows. Six years before, he had  
gone foreign, and in his long absence had  
not a word that he had been lost at sea; the  
bride therefore regarded him as one risen  
from the dead. He told her he had circum-  
navigated the globe, and, among other coun-  
tries, had visited Australia. He had brought  
home for her a gold watch and a hundred  
souvenirs—(furniture, fellow—and en-  
treated her to accept him and his wealth. On  
what her bonnet and cloak—off went the  
bride while her son of a husband was snooz-  
ing under the arch. He rose at early morn-  
ing, covered with mud, and snatched home to his  
lodging—where he found an empty nest;  
nor has he been able to hear a single syllable  
of the forsaken fugitive.—*From the Gat-  
tached (England) Observer.*

#### A Suspected Spy in the Camp.

The sudden alarm and turn-out of the sev-  
eral divisions in front on the night of the 15th  
arose from an order given by Lieutenant-Gen-  
eral Sir William Codrington, commanding  
the light division, to sound the "assembly."  
The following is given as the explanation:  
Suspicion was excited that a certain person  
one of the officers of the 62d Regiment, in  
the fourth division, was a spy. He was a  
friend of the canteen. Some soldiers deter-  
mined to arrest the stranger, for the purpose  
of bringing him before the proper authorities  
and submitted him to examination; but, hav-  
ing discovered their intentions, the man sud-  
denly decamped. A chase ensued. A few  
soldiers only followed at first, but others hear-  
ing the cry of "A spy escaping!" quickly  
joined, and in a short time a considerable  
number were in pursuit. The fugitive bent  
his course towards the left ravine, along  
which the Worcester road leads directly into  
Sebastopol, by way of the South Harbor.—  
General Codrington was near the upper part  
of the ravine when the crowd passed by, and  
finding a body of men were thus running to-  
wards the enemy's position, and fearing some  
mischief might ensue, and adopted the only  
available expedient for at once bringing them  
back to camp. A bugler—one being in at-  
tendance on the General ready for any emer-  
gency—was ordered to sound the alarm, by  
which was at once repeated by the regiment  
of the light division, and soon taken up by  
the regiments of the second and fourth divisions,  
encamped next to it. The alarm at once  
brought the soldiers back to the respective  
regiments; but, before the bugle sounds had  
been heard, they had already secured the ob-  
ject of their chase, and were leading him back  
to camp.

Some time ago, a soldier of the 45th reg-  
iment, a Pole by birth, informed against the  
keeper of the canteen alleged to above, that  
he had formerly known him to be employed  
in the Russian secret service at Warsaw, and  
that he suspected him to be engaged at pre-  
sent as a spy. The charge was investigated  
by a board of officers, but no conclusive evi-  
dence to support it could be adduced; and as  
the canteen man had written testimonials in  
his favor, and proofs of long residence at Pera,  
there was not supposed to be sufficient ground  
for his dismissal from camp. He has, there-  
fore, remained pursuing his usual avocation,  
though not without a certain amount of suspi-  
cion that he was carrying on a communica-  
tion with the enemy.

The soldier himself did not escape without  
exciting, in the minds of his listeners, some  
doubts as to the honesty of his intentions.—  
Certain parts of the evidence against him pre-  
sented very contradictory. He was known to  
speak the Russian and German languages; and  
it did not appear satisfactory, but with such  
a private soldier, when so many other op-  
portunities of employing his talents and in-  
formation with more advantage were open to  
him. He alleged that he had entered the  
army as a means of employment, and from  
liking the service. It appeared that he had  
done his duty well since he had been with the  
regiment; no one had previously mis-trusted  
him; and he therefore left the impression  
without any accusation appearing against him,  
that he had been influenced by other than  
honest motives, in bringing forward the  
charge which led to the inquiry. He still  
persisted in asserting, after the charge was  
dismissed, that the censor keeper was a spy  
in disguise.—*English Paper*

#### The way the Girls lecture on Tem- perance in Sharon, Ohio.

On Saturday, the 22d ult., a large crowd  
was collected in Sharon, Noble county, to see  
a circus show that had been advertised. It was  
soon discovered that there was something in  
the neighborhood stronger than cold water or  
cider. Where the "critter" was, or who it  
was that was reckless enough to bring it into  
town, was a mystery until towards evening  
when it was discovered to be in the cellar of  
a store, the owners of which by some claims  
of respectability, both in Church and State.  
This discovery being made, three young  
ladies, while young men, and old ones too,  
did not the courage to execute the law, de-  
liberately went into the cellar and rolled the  
barrel into the street, knocked the head out,  
and emptied its contents into the gutter.

Columbian.

A Grey Budouin Arab Stallion has just ar-  
rived in Philadelphia, four years old, for  
which the sum of \$10,000 has been remitted.  
His owner requires \$12,000. The horse was  
166 days on shipboard, during which he never  
laid down.

### The Years Labor on the Bible.

The following calculation of the number of  
books, verses, words, letters, etc., contained  
in the Old and New Testament, is said to  
have come from the calculators three years' labor:  
Old Testament.—No. of books, 39; chap-  
ters, 929; verses, 42,214; words, 592,439; let-  
ters, 2,725,160.

The middle book is Proverbs.  
The middle chapter is Job xxi.  
The middle verse is 2d Chronicles, xiv  
17 if there were a verse more, and verse  
18 if there were a verse less.

The word occurs 66,213 times.  
The word *Jesus* occurs 6,950 times.  
The shortest verse is 1 Chronicles, 1:25.  
The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra  
contains all the alphabet.

The 10th of the 2d Kings and the 7th  
chapter of Isaiah, are alike.  
New Testament.—No. of books, 27;  
chapters, 266; verses, 725; words, 181,255;  
letters, 628,580.

The middle book is 2d Thessalonians.  
The middle chapter is Romans 12, if there  
was a chapter more.  
The middle verse is John vi, 35.

Old and New Testament.—No. of books,  
66; chapters, 1,195; verses, 51,178; words,  
772,685; letters, 3,353,740.

The middle chapter, and the last in the  
Bible, is Psalm cxviii.  
The middle verse, is Psalm cxviii, 8.

Draw South somebody has tried to  
make him believe that Greeley is a Knew No-  
thing. The South Arabian publishes  
Greeley's reply. It is like enough to be  
genuine.—  
New York, Aug. 17, 1855.

Sir: I never was consciously within a mile  
of a Knew Nothing lodge, and never could  
have been induced to join one on any account.  
By placing your foot against the author of  
the silly report noticed in your letter, you  
will be certain to kick a great liar.

Yours,  
A. F. POSEY, Esq.

VULTURES.—A letter from the Crimea tells  
the following tale: "Vultures are very nu-  
merous in the Crimea. They smell the pow-  
der and await the coming of the fight to throw  
themselves on their victims. After one of  
the recent combats an English officer was  
found on the battle field, who had just ex-  
pired, pressing in both his arms one of those  
birds of prey, dead like himself, and which  
he had crushed in a last effort of agony!"

There is a sweet pleasure in contempla-  
tion. All other grow fat and insipid by  
repetition. When a man has run thro'  
a set of vanities, in the declension of his age,  
he knows, not want to do with himself, if he  
cannot think.

Bad Luck.—I never new an early riser,  
and working, prudent man, careful of his  
earnings, and after a honest job complained  
of bad luck. "A good character, good hab-  
its and good industry, are impregnable to  
the assault of all ill luck that fools ever dream-  
ed of."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The man who has no music in his soul  
was last seen listening to a saw-setter while  
at his work. He seemed very much delight-  
ed.

See king of the ry him of Tennyson's Mand  
the New York Mirror makes this funny yet  
absurd comment: "To read three hundred  
lines of such measure aloud, is only a tri-  
ble greater than chewing a paper of  
tobacco."

The capability of happiness in like that of  
taste, every one has his own; out happiness  
springs from what we ourselves love, not from  
what others may think lovely.

To have tomatoes fresh after frost, pull up  
the vine with the green tomatoes on them,  
before being injured, and place them under  
shelter, and the tomatoes will continue to  
ripen and be good for weeks after those left  
unprotected have been killed by the frost.